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CONDITIONS:

I. The STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published veekly, at Two Dollans per annum, (or Volume of 2 Numbers,) payable half yearly in advance. II. No subscription will be received for a shorter

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ance will be considered a new engagement, and paper forwarded accordingly.

III. Advertisements not exceeding a square, will be inserted THREE times for ONE DOLLAR, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion—longer ones in the same proportion. The number of insertions to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.

IV. Communications, &c. by mail, must be post-

paid-otherwise they will not meet with attention

THE GARLAND. -"With sweetest flowers enrich'd. From various gardens cull'd with care."

"WE ARE BUT YOUNG." JIYMN FOR BUNDAY SCHOOLS. We are but young-yet we may sing The praises of our heavenly King; He made the earth, the sea, the sky, And all the starry world on high. We are but young-yet ruin'd all By Adam, our first parent's fall; And we have sinn'd, O Lord, forgive, lesus hath died that we might live. We are but young-yet we have heard The gospel news, the heavenly word: If we despise the only way, Dreadful will be the judgment day. We are but young-yet we must die, Perhaps our latter end is nigh; Lord, may we early seek thy grace, And find in Christ a hiding place. We are but young-we need a guide-Jesus in thee we would confide: Oh lead us in the path of truth, Protect and bless our helpless youth.

Wo are but young-yet God has shed Unnumber'd blessings on our head; Then let our youth and riper days

Be all devoted to his praise. SELECT TALE.

FROM THE NEW-YORK MIRROR. The Blacksmith of Clonnel. By James Sheridan Knowles

CHAPTER THE TRIRD. I HAVE often wondered at the strange ful incident occurred in the early life of the wish it por want it-I mean that house again in his face-I saw that it was settling near the forge which I spoke of in the com- money! "The law gives it you," you say. last utterly disappeared beneath it. for a kind of kitchen garden. Potatoes, the cat-o'-nine tails! the gallows! The law ing, and looked as if they were waiting drowned in the cries of "Caravat!" and visiting acquaintance, I am ashamed to say, listrate as well as a clergyman. You work were joined. Heads were laid together; a known party words, the ranks of the conthrough the aid of Mick, who took care to give me a hint whenever his car was going you give to the good of our souls—small his wife upon the car. We reached clonin that direction, had frequent opportunities thanks to you! and six days do you take mel in silence. of calling. I was always heartily welcome; care of our bodies—with your bailiffs and A week passed without my seeing them: but it pained me to see that neither the your handcuffs and your jailers! Levy your but, the following one, by the same strange the shutters of the shops were in universal give to his neighbor. He is not listed in that they did not love each other! Far from the good of his soul! Grab his half kish of and I became inmates of the same house. it! Their attachment seemed to have increased since their union. I never saw any thing more tender than the manner of his out his spunk of fire and drive him to the Our own house took fire and was burnt to ing! At length I started at the sound of Mardenortment toward her. There was a whiskey bottle—in the name of God! and the ground. Phil Brennan was among garet Brennan's voice, close to my ear. melting softness in his voice whenever he then drive home in your carriage, and sit the first that came to the spot, and his immeaddressed her; while the way in which, on such occasions, she would look up in his face, would often bring a tear into my eye; it was so fond, so confiding, so grateful.

There was no secret as to the cause which preved upon their hearts and depressed spirits, which love and contented possession had else made light and buoyant. over them. It lowered upon them from the looks of their neighbours, their acquaintances, and even their friends. "Who would be Margaret Brennan? Three times had she fainted before the priest could begin the ceremony, and her father had cursed her and her husband at the altar, at the entrance, and outside the chapel." I was not aware of the last circumstance until sometime afterward. "Bad luck was sure to be their portion." And palpable were the signs by which it showed itself. The price of iron suddenly advanced, and no stock had Phil Brennan on hand. It was the same with coals, which, the winter being unusually long and severe, rose to so high a price that there was scarcely such a thing as purchasing them, except by the wealthier tradesmen and the gentry. Then nothing seemed to prosper that Phil Bren. her into the little parlour. nan put his hand to. The horses that he shod were certain to fall lame, or to stumble, or to get the glanders, or to become poortouched in the wind. A wheel came off near his door; he repaired it; and scarcely had the car gone a mile when the horse ran away, fell, and broke the car to pieces. His fire would not light like that of any other smith -had not the same heat in itwas as weak as if it had been made of turf.

"Miss! Miss!" whispered Mick one Sun-servants, and your horses and your coach: treatment of his wife. I here saw utiling tion or the gallows! Shanavats and Caravats and Caravats. In or go out without taking her in his arms; to or the gallows! Shanavats and Caravats. You call yourselves Irishmen—and you are the o'clock.'

veneration for me.

"That's my fine, bould girl," cried he, and off we drove.

we found it surrounded by a crowd.

"Feggs, I'll stop along with yees, and see the fun;" cried Mick, and helping me off have shorn to the quick—though they never the car, soon made way for "the young la-belonged to your fold!" dy that was come to see Mrs. Brennan;" and I found myself in the centre of the look-

year. I must have my tithes."

"My expenses have increased of late," replied Phil, "and my trade has fallen off." "I understand," rejoined the clergyman, Irish! you become husbands and fathers before you can well maintain yourselves, and honest people are obliged to go without their dues. I shall give you no longer time; my money must be forthcoming, or the distress shall be executed before I leave this place."

"You do nothing for me," coolly remarked Phil Brennan.

"What's that you say?" "You do nothing for me. I neither trouole you to pray for me nor to preach for me.

Why should I pay you your tithes?" "The law will teach you that, Mr. Bren-

nan;" replied the clergyman. and I pay him his rent if I can. If I can- and at his house. not, he distresses me, if he has a mind; and I do not grumble, because it is the right as his wife. fatality by which it seemed pre-ordained well as the law. But I take no house of that I should be present whenever any event. you. I never enter your house. I neither momentous argument went on. I looked blacksmith. By accident I was by when which you preach and pray m! I hate it, as fast into an expression of resolve. His full Margaret Lynch eloped with him, and when all my forefathers did, that knew any thing blue eyes seemed to dilate; the scowl thickshe was married to him. A year had she about it. It was built against their will, ered on his brow till the rest of his countenow been his wife. He was a father. She and it stands against mine. I have no call nance absolutely darkened with it; his uphad presented him with a boy. They lived to your house. What call have you to my per lip, compressed by his nether one, at cottage, a little off the road, with about an |right says "no!" It is the law of the mus | ulated his wife. This time he returned no | from others, the watch-word of "Caravat" acre of ground in the rear, which served ket ball! the bayonet! the sword! the juil! reply. His companions had ceased talk arose, till at length the din of sticks was cabbages, and current and goosberry trees, of poor Ireland for many a long-long year! some answer which they expected. Phil in rows, were set in it. I became a sort of Levy your distress, parson-you are a mag. and they suddenly stopped short. Hands without my mother's knowledge; and for the king six days of the week, and for whisper passed; the pair turned back, and blacksmith nor his wife was happy. Not distress! Make the poor man poorer-for fatality to which I have alluded, my mother potatoes, his pipkin of milk, and his salt I forgot to mention that my mother was a herring! Sell his bed from under him! rake widow, and that I was her only child. ing on, perfectly absorbed in what was passdown to your dinner of fish and towl and diate care was to get us out and convey us is he going to do? Phil Brennan!-Phil!vy your distress! I have neither the will nor small persuasion, made up her mind to stop nothing to say to them. Phil Brennan!

> was sold off. Next came that of the house; rebuilt. the door of which was opened by the young the gospel half stepped back when she presented herself.

einculated.

stood close by him.

"What is the matter, Phil?" again inquired she. Phil made an effort.

child, to my mother's, and wait for me there."

house, he took her by the hand and drew by the car of execution, with the stripped

hat on.

"A good morning to your reverence," exclaimed Phil, as he stood for the last time of Margaret Brennan did not seem to have upon the threshold of his own door; "a good been improved by her residence in town. In a word, his business must decline, and morning to your reverence-I thank you I frequently observed her in tears, which fell before the firm, yet calm gaze of the priestof course, it did so, or the gossips had else for myself and for my wife, and for her baby, she in vain endeavoured to conceal, and and he half hung his head. been false prophets. This accounted to me that's under her cloak! and, I thank the laws sometimes could not succeed in checking. "Go home, sir!" resumed the reverend man; afterward for the way in which Margaret that give you leave to drive from under their Her husband began to keep late hours. I wand, all of you go home! You men of Kilken. afterward for the way in which Margaret that give you leave to drive from under their Her husband began to keep late hours. Ly ny! as well as you mon of Clonmel! Break up Brennan coloured, when several times run lown roof, a father and a mother with their ing awake in my bed, I often heard the your night meetings, and your night expedition without any butter on it; or hastily removed without letting mosce it, some dishon which yet can compel them to pay you your dues they lad been dishon which they had been dishon th

ther being in conversation with a neighbour; in the name of your Master, as you say, and, whenever he accosted her, his address "Miss, I drive by Margaret Brennan's towho had none of these things!—who gave, was as tender and soft as on the night of
selled with houghing of cattle, ploughing up of morrow and back again in half an hour. I where you take!—who wanted, wherein the wedding, when they walked together in crops, and burnings, and murdors, and thoy lay shall be at the barrack-gate exactly at one you are abound! Who was lowly and meek the garden. But, to return to market-day. it all to your account; and represents a requirement. and merciful, where you are unsparing, At one o'clock the following day, I was and harsh and proud. God judge between It was in the harvest time. This day the At one o clock the following day, I was and harsh and proud. God judge between It was in the harvest time. This day the you cannot set your Maker at defiarce! Go seated like a lady in Mick Quinlan's car. us, I say! Take the house and the furnitown was unusually crowded with labourers, home! For a quarter of an hour I will not stire. The poor fellow seemed to have a kind of ture, and every thing! and kindly tell us we offering themselves to those who were disare welcome to the open air -- and we know

praving with them, be sure you tell them of the sheep with their lamb, which you

Nothing would do Mick Flynn, but the car must go back to Clonnel, with Mrs. ers on, listening to Phil Brennan and a re- Brennan and her little boy, and her husband spectable looking man in earnest conver- and me. No matter who expected him, do besides sporting his nate figure upon devil a bit of him would drive his horse any the pavement. "My tithes and dues must be paid, Mr. other way, though it was for the sheriff Brennan;" exclaimed the latter. "You are himself. The sheriff is a great man in the now full a year in arrears. You have put south of Ireland-that is, the high-sheriff. an Irishman casts upon a dish of maley pome off from quarter to quarter, only to add I have seen one give a sound slap on the one quarter to another; I have indulged you, ear to a countryman who was standing unexpostulated with you, warned you, threat- der his box, and who happened to raise his ened you, and all to the same purpose. voice in conversation. Well! off we all set Not a shilling have you paid me for a whole in Mick Quinlan's car-that is, Mrs. Brennan, the child, and myself. Phil Brennan walked by our side in earnest discourse with two men, who followed him from the crowd, and who had something peculiarly 'you have got married. The curse of you wild and restless in the expression of their countenances. One after another they addressed him in an under voice, but with vehement energy, as if persuading him to do something. I sat with my back to his wife, but, turning round, I saw she was uneasy, and more than once or twice I heard her half-articulately pronounce her husband's name. At length she could suppress

her feelings no longer. ."Phil Brennan!" she exclaimed.

"Presently-Presently!" replied Phil. The conversation continued with increase ing earnestness. I looked in Phil Brennan's face. I saw anxiety and irresolution painted in it; while now and then, it lower-"To the devil with the law;" retorted ed, as I thought, with the recollection of Phil. "I take my house of my landlord, what had been just going on at the forge

"Presently!" was still his reply. The

the means to pay you your tithes and dues!" until her own house, which, together with Phil Brennan!" In half an hour the furniture of the forge the furniture was fully ensured, should be

wife and mother, who came to it with her among the many stanch ones. These put

Shanavat!" he cried, in a voice which the ger The curse of Jerry Lynch was hanging little boy in her arms. The minister of their heads together; and, in less than a eral uproar was insufficient to drown. The mo "Good heaven! what is the matter?" she the opposite side of the way, within about ute the fight was suspended, and every face was Phil Brennan could not speak. He was day was, at that time, a day of note in when he came up to the crowd; who, instantly obliged to hold down his head. I saw a Clonmel. Scaring and worrying and de- dividing, made a lane for him. There was n tear fall upon the lapel of his coat-for I gradation and torture were the remedies difficulty in distinguishing him, for he was full adopted to induce order among a restless, wild and impulsive people; refractory, because they found, or thought they found, "Put on your cloak," said he, without any thing but protection in the laws, or ed. Hats were taken off and replaced. Room ifting his head; "go into town, with the friends in those that enforced them. It was making for somebody who had just come up was the especial day for dealing out the "(To into town, with the child, to your dread awards of justice, inexorable upon catch a glimpso. mother's!" she echoed. "What's the mat. the plea of necessity. Upon that day, in ter, Phil, that you hold down your head?" the most frequented street, was the tree ed the centre; not a voice beside being raised. Phil replied not. He stood still for a of the pillory planted; and, through the moment; then, suddenly stepping into the dense crowd, the lane of terrour was made criminal behind it, and the cat-o-nine-tails "Your reverence will stop for a minute flourishing at his reddening, trickling back! or two," cried he, as he shut the parlour Poor Ireland! They may cast the charge In a minute or two Phil Brennan and his There is one book in which they are the yourself? And how is it that you have become wife re appeared. Her cloak was on: Her roughly read-every page of which they child in her arms, under it. Phil had his have by heart-have conned again and again—the book of retribution!

I must remark here that the happiness they had been dining, when I paid them an and your tithes! God judge betwixt us, tive that he never came home at all. Yet, your sandinations? To be hunted by the police and your family like a fair start in the competition for the by the Legislature in their late seems.

One market-day, I never shall forget. ing so! posed to employ them to reap. Of these, it-for you cannot deprive us of that; and, there were two divisions; the one consistwhen you preach to your flock next Sun- ing of men from the county of Kilkenny, When we reached Phil Brennan's forge, day, after you have been upon your knees and the other of "Tipperary boys." Each party occupied a different side of the street. Employment, that day, seemed to be as scarce as the applicants for it were numerous: and, who could expect an Irish peasant, in an Irish crowd, and upon a market day, and in sweet Clonmel, too, to stand idle? Faith and sure he must have something to I rose from my chair and approached the door.

> Our boys regarded the Kilkenny boys with anything but the welcome looks which

> "Arrah, boys!" cried one, "have you no town in your own county to go to, that you come to Clonmel? "Sure," remarked another, as if correct-

> ing his companion; "sure 'tis to pay us a morning visit, and bad manners to you! that they have taken so long a walk!" "Have you your sticks wid yees, boys?"

inquired a third. ured a third. "Bad luck to you!" vociferated a fourth. What would bring a Kilkenny man with

a stick in his hand to Clonmel? The other party now began to retort. Gibe answered gibe. Those, who had the laugh on their side, kept their temper: those, ngainst whom it went, lost theirs. Their blood grew hot. They sounded the nove they rattled against the pavement and ed in vain for you to come home!"
the walls the walls.

"Hurra for the men of Clonmel!" cried Clonmel boy brandishing his shillelagh

-and a general fight!

All this time I was in Margaret Brennan's room, looking out of the window. "Phil Brennan, I want you!" repeated I saw Phil Brennan at the door of his forge, gazing on quietly, and enjoying the fray -suddenly I heard the cry 'Shanavat! Shanavat!" I looked toward the quarter whence it came, and descried the two men who had joined Phil Breman on the day of distress, running at full speed in the direction of the combatants, with the view of taking part in the fun!

"Shanavat!" They fray now raged with redoubled fury. At the sound of the wellone side—now another-prevailing. In ten minutes every window in the street was thrown up and filled with spectators, stretches to live only in a free state. He claims requisition. I could scarcely draw my breath. I grew cold and hot, and trem- dice; his mind is not contracted by systems, bled from head to foot; yet I continued look- nor sacred bigots; it is open to God and na-

"Holy mother!" she exclaimed-" what

I now saw Phil half-way between his forge and the combatants, advancing with a slow Phil Brennan had many friends; and some, and steady steps, brandishing a sledge-hammer month, he was set up in business in Clon- ment his party caught sight of him, he was wel mel; his work-shop-the forge-being upon | comed with a tremendous cheer, and in one min turned in the same direction. Right in the midforty or fifty yards of the house. Market- die of the street he walked, and never stopped head and shoulders taller than the tallest man in the three counties. Nearly midway the field of movement at the farther end. Sticks disappear

on the field of recent contest, and of whose white uncovered head, I was just now and then able to

"Shanavat!" exclaimed Phil, when he had gain "Phil Brennan!" sternly ejaculated his uncle the priest; who at the very same moment, con fronted him. Phil hold his wearon suspended in the air; his eye steadily fixed upon his uncle "Phil Bronnan!" repeated the latter; "where is the young woman to whom I married you a year ago, and where is the son that I christened for you? What has become of them, that I find you Shanavat?-that you have lent a hand in keep ing up the factions that turn the sons of the land against ose another, as if their common enemies no chapel or priest in Cloninel, Phil Brennan, that for the last two months you have neither been at confession, nor at mass?" He paused.

Phil slowly lowered the sledge-hammer, his eye

"Miss! Miss!" whispered Mick one Sun-| servants, and your horses and your coach! | treatment of his wife. I never saw him go | lies to the jail, and to run the risk of transports-| vast commerce which will flow into the and you begin to set your clergy at defiance; bu from this spot-let mo see which of you will be remaining on it, at the expiration of that time !"

> his head, looked at his uncle, and respectfully taing off his hat, turned, and instantly went home. His example was promptly followed. When Phil entered his house, he did not, as usual, go up to his wife, but threw himself in a chair, and folded his arms. I made an offer to go,

but Margaret Bronnan whispered me to stop and

Phil Brennan was the first to move; he raised

take tea with them.
Not a word did Phil speak during tea. Dusk came on-Night-still not a word from him! I now struck nine. It was time for me to go to bed

"Stop, my dear!" said Phil; "stop, and sit dowr ngain." He then rose, approached his wife—and, stooping, kissed her; while she flung her arms around his nock and wept heartily. She had put her child to bed. He then drew a chair beside her and sat down.

"I have been a had husband to you lately, Margaret; though a fond one. I have been a bad hus band to you lately; but I will no more be so. I'l is they that have kept me from coming home to you at night-and that have led me into things which have made my heart a stranger to peace and quiet ever since I became one of them have done with them! I'll tell them so. I'll be

good husband to you, Margaret, for the future!" At the commencement of this address her arms and fallen from his neck, as she listened with deep attention to what he said. They were now thrown round it again-and she kissed him passionately, her tears flowing all the time, for joy. Suddenly she started, and turned her head in the direction of the window. "What's that?" she exclaimed.

"What?" was his brief rejoinder; while his countenance suddenly lowered with an expres sion of uneasy conjecture.
"I heard a whistle!" she resumed; "the same

of preparation with their sticks, which that I have heard many a night when I have look-

'Ay !-there it is again !" said his wift. Phil Brennan clowly rose upon his fect. He looked toward the window-then looked at his in the air; and, in a moment, two or three wife; and, folding his arms, gazed vacantly at hundred sticks were up!—A rush—a close the candle, as utterly lost in irresolution. Mar garet all the time sat with her eyes fixed upon the ground, without attempting to utter a word. Another whistle! Phil started from his reverycaught up his hat and put it on-rushed toward

his wife, embraced and kissed her.
"This is the last time!" cried Phil-and he darted out of the room!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VARIOUS MATTERS.

The speech of Thaddeus Stevens, Esq. on the Education Bill, will be found on the first page of this paper. The friends of that law, and the lovers of eloquence, will be rich-"Shanavat! Shanavat!" they cried, as ly compensated for the perusal. All parthey came on. The combatants caught the ties unite in bestowing the highest commen- his wheat six months, was glad to get 6s, 6d, mear the torge which I spoke of in the community: "I he law gives it you, you say, tast diterry disappeared beneath it mest caught the ties unite in bestowing the nignest commentation in the community of the sum of the community of the ford Inquirer.

> definition of the principles of a Whig, we in addition to cold fingers, he must expect give for the benefit of those Van Buren men to encounter the chilling looks of his wife, who do not understand the same and affect and perhaps be compelled, in a series of lectending peasantry rapidly augmented; now to despise the name. It is from the pen of tures, to learn that the man who burns green. Benjamin Franklin:

"The Whig lives in every state, but wish ing out their necks to see the fight; while no right in himself but what he is willing to sects by bounds, nor kept in them by prejuture; he is not attached to persons or factions, but to things, to justice, to liberty, to virtue and to his country. He adheres to men who adhere to these; and adheres to them no longer than they adhere to those. With roast meat! Levy your distress, parson—le- to his mother's. There my mother, upon Phil!—Phil Brennan! come here! Have like contempt of promises and menaces, unawed by power he is attached to these .--Not lurking like a drone to reap what others sow, he cheerfully acts his part in society; he does what he can; he endeavors, within his sphere, to promote the general welfare. No matter what you call him, what his name, his profession, or the title of his religion--"This is a WHIG."

The people of North Carolina have decided by a vote of 27,550 to 21,694, in favor their oaks are transmitted. Holland conof a convention for the amendment of the constitution. Elections are to be held in the several counties of the State, for the choice kingdom in Europe. The same thing holds of delegates to the convention, on Thursday,

countrymen. A physician of Boston has invented a machine, consisting of numerous caskets, than in those of jewellers of Portuhammers which go by steam, the force and gal; and more rose wood, Acajou, Sandal. rapidity of which will enable the owners of the rich granite quarries of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, to dress and face blocks of this hard rock for building in a very short time, and at a cheap rate. This had been a serious difficulty, and it is now overcome.

SANDY AND BEAVER CANAL -- The Penn-

sylvania and Ohio Canal Systems are to be united by two Cross Cut or Grand Junction Canals-the southern line of connection, did not find them work enough; and is there called the Sandy and Beaver Canal, is to be placed immediately under contract. E.H. Gill, Esq. of Philadelphia, has been appoin ted Chief Engineer. There is no doubt but this work will be commenced at once, and soon completed. Meantime, we trust means will be taken by all parties interested, to the plan of those published in London. It secure the completion of the Susquehanna Canal from Columbia to tide, as soon as may hours. be. This last improvement ought to be completed at least as soon as the Grand Junction- Canals, above mentioned, are capital, the largest of any state in the Union,

Shanavate and Caravate. Pennsylvania Canal, from the heart of the State of Ohio, so soon as that route to mare ket is made available, by the opening of these connecting lines.

WHOLE NO. 267.

Speaking of the Cross Cur Canal and of its importance to that city, the Pitteburg Gazette says:-The work will go on-will be soon completed—the prosperity of Pittsburg is placed beyond the reach of any ordinary circumstance. Her destinies will rapidly unfold themselves, and the head of the Ohio, which was so early an important point in the operations of hostile nations, will become equally prominent in the peaceful pursuits of commerce and manufactures.

THINGS A FARMER SHOULD NOT DO. A farmer should never undertake to cullivate more land than he can do thoroughly; half tilled land is growing poorer—well tilled land is constantly improving.

A farmer should never keep more cattle, horses, sheep or hogs, than he can keep in good order; an animal in high order the first. of December, is already half wintered.

A farmer should never depend on his neighbor for what he can, by care and good management, produce on his own farm; he should never beg fruit while he can plant trees, or borrow tools while he can make or. buy; a high authority has said, the borrower is a servant to the lender.

The farmer should never be so immersed in political matters, as to forget to sow his wheat, dig his potatoes, and bank up his cellar; nor should he be so inattentive to them: as to remain ignorant of those great questions of national and state policy which will?

always agitate, more or less, a free people. A farmer should shun the doors of a bank, as he would an approach of the plague or cholera; banks are for men of speculation. and theirs is a business with which farmers should have little to do.

A farmer should never be ashamed of his calling; we know that no man can be entirely independent, yet the farmer should remember, that if any one can be said to pos-

sess that enviable distinction, he is the man-No farmer should allow the reproach of neglecting education to lie against himself or family; if knowledge is power, the beginning of it should be early and deeply laid in the district school.

A farmer should never use ardent spirits as a drink; if, while undergoing severe fatigue, and the hard labors of the summer, he would enjoy robust health, let him be temperate in all things.

A farmer should never refuse a fair price for any thing he wishes to sell; we have known a man who had several hundred bushels of wheat to dispose of, refused 8s. because he wanted 8s. 6d., and after keeping

A farmer should never allow his wood-

house to be emptied of wood during the sum-WHAT ARE THE WHICS?—The following | mer months; if he does, when winter comes, wood has not mastered the A B C of domestic economy.

A farmer should never allow his windows to be filled with red cloaks, tattered coats, and old hats; if he does, he will most assuredly acquire the reputation of a man who tarries long at the whiskey, leaving his wife. and children to freeze or starve at home.

There are three things of which the man who aims at the character of a prosperous farmer will never be niggardly-manure, tillage, and seed; and there are three things of which he will never be too liberal-promises, time and credit. - Genessee Farmer.

THE DUTCH .- A French writer, speaking of Holland, says: "I never knew a country in which there was such plenty of every thing. They have no vines in the country, and there are more wines in their cellars than in those of Bordeaux; they have no forests, and there is more ship building timber in their dock yards than at the sources of the Meuse and of the Rhine, from which tains little or no arable ground, and her granaries contain more corn than any other true as to articles of luxury; for though they observe great simplicity in dress, furniture and domestic economy, there is more HAMMERING BY STEAM.—There is no marble on sale in their magazines, than lies pause, no stop to the inventive genius of our cut in the qurries of Italy and of the Archipelago: more diamonds and pearls in their and India canes, than there are in all Europe besides, though their own country produces nothing but willows and linden trees."

A petition was presented in the House of Commons on the 1st of April, from the English residents of Beauharnois, (Lower Canada,) complaining of the oppression of the French majority of that Colony, and praying relief.

The Baltimore Chronicle thinks it not unlikely, that Mr. Rusn will be appointed Governor of Michigan.

A prospectus has been issued in N. York for the establishment of a Sunday paper, on is to be issued in the morning, before church

Louisiana has now 50 millions of banking brought into operation. There is nothing Fifteen millions of this amount was granted